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02x16 - You Say it's Your Birthday! I Couldn't Care Less!

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02x16 - You Say it's Your Birthday! I Couldn't Care Less!

by **bunniefuu** Posted: **05/24/02 13:49**

[Justin showing Michael the latest sketches of the g*y-bashing episode of their comic book.]

Justin: Here's were Rage Zipher discover that J.T.'s beating for death backing of g*y bashers.

Michael: It's kinds gory.

Justin: It's supposed to be.

[Ben searches between them for his Palm Pilot.]

Ben: I'm sure I left it here.

Justin: Here's Rage zapping the bashers with his mind destory.

Ben: He's what?

Michael: He use his mind destorshing field so that they thing they all f*gs.

Justin: And they beat each other to death.

Ben: Wow, that ones happens.

Michael: Then he endure J.T. in his arms and takes him up for his liar for his cyber-gayopolis.

Justin: And he brings J.T. back to life with a lots of heavy kissing and deep a**l penetration.

Michael: Which is from the art of illustration is Justin's favorite part.

Ben: Yes, I see. Where the hell is my Palm?

Michael: Try in my bedroom. May it dropped out of your pocket when you dropping out of your pants.

Ben: Mmmh, good thinking Boy-Toy Wonder.

[They kiss each other. Ben leaves. Michael slides his hand under Justin's notepad and comes up with Ben's Palm Pilot.]

Justin: You stole it?

Michael: [whispers] I borrow it. Ben gots a buddy list in here and I call everybody and invite them for his surprise party.

Justin: When is his birthday?

Michael: Saturday.

Justin: No sh*t! That's mine!

Michael: Really?

Justin: Yeah. Isn't that the most amazing coincidence?

Michael: What? You two have the same birthday?

Justin: That you and Brian are in love with guys who have at the same birthday.

Ben: [comes back] Uh, no luck in the bedroom.

Michael: That's a first!

[Something rings in the kitchen.]

Ben: I know my Palm isn't the way of art, but it works.

Michael: You must stay for dinner. Ben's making pike.

Ben: Then we're gonna watch Sunset Boulevard.

Justin: I can't. Brian and I are going to...

Ben, Michael and Justin: [at the same time] Babylon.

Justin: Babylon, yeah.

[Ben and Michael are kissing each other.]

[Babylon. Brian, Justin, and Ted are doing tequila shots.]

Justin: [to Brian] Isn't that the most amazing coincidence?

Brian: That you and Ben like seven hundred million people have birthday on the same day?

Ted: So, how remember you that big event? Going to Key West, or getting some kind of car.

Justin: That sounds good.

Brian: I'm not.

Ted: You're not?

Brian: It's a f*cking birthday. Anybody can get born, even you. Only thing we're celebrating is the achievement.

Ted: I remember you throw Michael a little suprprise party last year.

Justin: I agree with Brian. I think birthday are silly innocent unnecessarily.

[Emmett dances up to the bar and tells his dance partner]

Emmett: OK, thanks for the ride, sweetheart, but here's where I get off.

Ted: Some catch. Why you throwing back?

Brian: Not big enough?

Emmett: Sure he's big enough.

Brian: Still in mourning?

Emmett: I tried boys, I tried booze, I tried pills but I'm still in the Valley of the Dolls.

Ted: Well, maybe you need some spiritual sucker.

Brian: Yeah, you should called my mothers minister. He gaves great head.

Ted: It's not the healing I had in mind. You're coming with me, tomorrow. To church.

Emmett: Church?

["Celebratory Church."]

Minster: And the book could only have been written, directed, and conceived by God.

Ted: [to Emmett] Isn't Ref.Brett incredible?

Emmett: Yeah, yeah. Yeah, he should win a...Tony.

Ref.Brett: Raise, raise! And following the hymnals.

[All raise and sing a song.]

Ted: Didn't you feel?

Emmett: I think it takes a little bit more than a showtime.

[Beside Ted stands a cute man. They share a song book. After the celebration they clean up.]

Man: I was with the Peace Corps for a few years, but then I decided what I really wanted was to work with kids.

Ted: That's sweet!

Man: I have teach the second grades. The sweet isn't exactly the word.

Ted: I'm sure they adore you.

Man: I love it and it allowes me time to volunteer at the g*y youth support line, to train for the A*DS Ride on the weekend, and of course I help out at the church.

Ted: Oh course. I'm impressed.

Man: I'm still about myself. What about you? Tell me what you do.

Ted: Me?

[Next blurb of images: two guys showering, one washing the other's back; shot of a*s sex; shot of an a*s, one hand near the left cheek; a hand pulling an a*s in tighty- whities closer, the hard-on visible through the fabric; tongues touching; a rocket taking off; blue-gloved hands pulling sausage out of a machine, stroking it as it grows; a black-and-white hot dog getting pulled away from another mustard-soaked hot dog in a bun; a subway tunnel; a cartoon dog driving a red hot rod that's out of control; and a zeppelin. This is during jungle drums and animal noises.]

Man: Ted?

Ted: Mmmh?

Man: Where you just go?

Ted: Oh, nowhere. I was just... just thinking what you said.

Man: So, what do you do?

Ted: I... working in computers.

Man: Sales or programming?

Ted: I run my own dot-com company.

Man: Really? An entrepreneurial. So what kind of company is it?

Ted: You know, dealing with people needs. Relief work.

Man: Somehow, I knew you'd do something that involved helping others.

[Ted laughs guilty.]

[Liberty Diner.]

Brian: A surprise party?

Emmett: So, what do you planned up?

Michael: Do?

Emmett: Ya, after everyones jumps out and screams the word "surprise".

Michael: I don't know. I'd think we sing "Happy Birthday" and cut the cake, open presents.

[Emmett rolls his eyes.]

Brian: Any kind of nudity and drugs?

Michael: This isn't anyone of your affairs. Besides I'm not roling doups, I can't afford an elaborate party.

Emmett: Sweetheart, you don't need a lot of money. You just need a theme. What's Ben into?

Michael: Yoga. Buddhism.

Brian: Oh, we can meditate! That sounds like fun.

Emmett: OK, give me a minute here. OK, it's coming to me, I've getting an idea. Why don't we do a Geisha/Sushi/Miss Saigon kind of thing? We can transform Ben's apartment into a Far Eastern phantasmagoria. Coloured entrance.

Brian: Better yet, why don't you buy a bottle of sake and a copy of Kama Sutra and f*ck your brains out? It would be cheaper.

Emmett: You just leave it to me. I'll make sure the party it's unforgetable.

Debbie: Who's having a party?

Michael: Nobody.

Debbie: Must be such of a guest lists.

Brian: Ben's birthday. And Michael's gonna throwing a surprise party.

Debbie: It's nice.

Man: Hey Deb, you're orders are up!

Debbie: Orders up. Kind back of work. [she goes away]

Michael: What the f*ck you tell her?

Brian: Why the f*ck do you keep it a secret?

Michael: Because I don't wanna her give me more sh*t about Ben.

Emmett: Maybe if you invited her...

Michael: What for? She didn't come anyway.

[Cut to Mel and Lindsay. We see when Justin's eating pasta.]

Lindsay: What do you mean he's not doin' anything?

Justin: [full mouth] Brian doesn't believe in birthdays -- not even his own.

Mel: What kind of bullshit is that?

Lindsay: He almost kills himself when he turned 30.

Mel: Who's talking about his birthday? We're talking about Justin's. What is his problem of turning 19?

[The camera pulls back as Mel tickles Lindsay's boobies behind Justin's head.]

Justin: He believe in celebrating a accomplishment, unsentimential rituals.

Mel: Oh, bla-bla-bla. What the hell he do? Brain-washing you? Everybody deserves a little attention of there birthday.

Lindsay: Especially from the person they'll love. When Brian's not gonna do anything, we will.

Mel: Yeah, what do you say when we're go to dinner and movie?

Lindsay: That's not very special. We can do that at any time.

Mel: OK, let's throw a party.

Justin: I hate parties.

Mel: He hates parties.

Lindsay: Besides, Michael's giving Ben one. I know! You're coming with us - saturday afternoon.

Justin: Where?

Lindsay: A friend of mine teaches who teaches at the music department at your school invited us to a violin recital.

Justin: A violin recital?

Lindsay: She said the student who's playing is a genius.

Justin: I'm not really in the class for music!

Mel: Well, maybe it's time you're expose yourself to a higher form of cultural expression than a thumba-thumba Babylon.

Lindsay: Maybe he doesn't wanna go, don't force him. Oh, she also said he's really cute.

[Justin slurps the last of his bite of spaghetti as the camera zooms to his mouth.]

Justin: Why didn't you say so?

[Ben stops at a street flower vendor. Ben hands Michael a fistful of surprise flowers.]

Ben: This is for you.

Michael: But it's your birthday.

Ben: You know what they say - it's better to give...

Michael: Well receiving is not to bad, either. You know, when you're subject your birthday...

Ben: Yes, please nothing special. Just keep it civil and locate, okay?

Michael: Simple and located. I thoughed we could go for dinner.

Ben: Some place easy and casual, nothing fancy.

Michael: How about the Liberty Diner?

Ben: Not that casual.

Michael: How about meeting at your home. What time your get home?

Ben: If I had my damn palm I could say it for sure, but lets see class until four, then the doctors and yoga, so say 7:00. Well, let's make it 7:30.

Michael: Perfect.

Paul: Ben?

Ben: Hey, Paul! [They hugs each other.]

Paul: How you're doin', baby?

Ben: Good, and you?

Paul: I have no complaints.

Ben: Paul, this is Michael.

Paul: Well Michael, I've heared Ben was seeing someone.

Ben: Word travels fast.

Paul: Around here. Listen, we should get together. Why don't you call me sometime?

Ben: I will, I'll do that.

Paul: See ya Michael.

Michael: See ya. Nice guy.

Ben: Paul, yeah, he's a sweetheart. Actually we were together about five years ago. We're stay friends all over the time. It was not easy.

Michael: Wait, isn't that the time you found out that you're...

Ben: positive, yeah. He's the one who infected me.

Michael: What f*ck...!

Ben: No, no, no, it's okay. He didn't know and I've should have been more careful. Anyway, I've forgive him.

[The boys gym.]

Michael: The man is perfect. There is no other explanation. How else could you forgive the guy who infected you?

Emmett: Tryin' nuts.

Ted: Different than me. I would k*ll him!

Michael: Ben's not like that. The men is to free himself from all the emotion bag as the rest of us carrying around.

Ted: Well, how he doesn't?

Emmett: I think he's doin' a lot of that yoga stuff.

Ted: You're doin' such a bad job and built him out.

Emmett: What about you? You're do up with the guy at home?

Ted: You're mean St.Luke?

Emmett: Something tells me you're interesting him isn't entirely spiritual.

Ted: He is the sweetest, the kindest, the sexiest, the most adorable guy I've ever meet.

Michael: So, what does he think about you?

Ted: He think I've running a relieve organisation.

Emmett: What?!

Michaeö: What?!

[3 times.]

Ted: Yep, me the Red Cross and the Unicef.

Emmett: And how comes that he get that impression?

Ted: Well, he ask me what I've did and I...

Emmett: Lied.

Michael: Why the hell you do that?

Ted: He's a church running elementry school teacher who does charity work for f*ck sakes. What could

he think when I say that I'm the CEO of JerkAtWork.net.

Michael: Well, if he does perfect as you say he probably wouldn't care.

Emmett: Well, boys. You date your saints. I'll stick to the sinners.

[Brian's loft. Lindsay and Mel are there.]

Mel: But it's his birthday, for christ sakes!

Lindsay: Couldn't you least have a cake?

Brian: I don't need any cake. I gained three ounces last week. Now, could you please get back, I have work to do.

[Justin walks out trying to figure out his tie.]

Mel: Hey, you look spiffy.

Lindsay: A new sport coat?

Justin: Yeah, my mom got it for me for my birthday.

Brian: Didn't your Daddy ever keep you how to tie a tie?

Justin: No, he was to busy to kicking me out and beating the sh*t out of you.

[Brian ties Justin's tie.]

Brian: Well, neither than mine. He was to busy after the day I was born. This isn't the birthday suit I like to you in. And now, go get some culture. [he kisses Justin on his forehead.]

Justin: Don't work to hard.

[Mel and Justin leaves, but Lindsay goes back to Brian.]

Brian: You forget something?

Lindsay: I don't understand you! [She yells over the music]

Brian: Few do.

Lindsay: It's obvious how much you love him. But you won't celebrate his birthday because you doesn't consider it an accomplishment. Isn't it an accomplishment that he's alive and well? Isn't that enough reason to celebrate?

[The recital. Mel's got open mouth going as she watches the guy play. He's young, with dark greasy hair. There's a black, tiny p*ssy of hair under his lower lip. Justin loves this new boy. Loves him so much he has to pull a pencil out of his chest pocket and starts drawing the boy on his program.]

[Debbie's house. Vic comes from upstairs to Michael.]

Vic: I found it! I wored it to the Winter Drag Ball in '89. I was Cho Cho San, you're mother was Pinkerton. I promised Emmett to borrowed him for the party.

Michael: He will make a fabulous hostess.

Vic: He'll be astonish.

Michael: Just don't be late.

Vic: And don't you be nervous.

Michael: I just want everything to come off as planned, you know for Ben.

Vic: It'll be the social event of the season.

[Debbie comes in with the washing laundry.]

Debbie: What's the social event of the season? h*m*-Hopp at Babylon?

Vic: Ben's suprprise party.

Debbie: Oh.

Michael: I just telling Vic not to be late.

Debbie: Uh-huh.

Michael: You know, if you wanna come...

Debbie: No, it's okay. I got plans. I'm... I'm... I'm going to movies with my... my friend Rosie. But please wish him many happy returns from me.

Michael: I will. [to Vic] And I'll be sure to get this to Emmett.

Vic: See ya, Michael.

[He leaves.]

Vic: You haven't been spoke to Rosie in twelve years?

Debbie: You never know, she give me a call. Help me with this.

[Debbie throws a sheet at Vic.]

Vic: I thoughed you make more than a effort for Michael and Ben are concern.

Debbie: You see me giving him any grieve?

Vic: I don't see you giving him any joy.

Debbie: I agree to tolorated, not indorsed.

Vic: Maybe you could up with your commitment a nutch. You gotta admit. Ben's been a positive influence on him.

Debbie: Positive! Exactly!

Vic: And despite all of your dark affairs and inspire predictions, they both seem to be doin' just fine. So why not be a sport? They make to get happy.

[After the concert. Ethan gives autographs. Lindsay, Melanie and Justin are at the buffet]

Mel: Isn't he amazing, or what?

Lindsay: And to think he's so young.

Justin: He started his play when he was four. The study with the great Andreas Wischnewski.

Mel: I thoughed you didn't known anything about classical music.

Justin: I read the program.

Lindsay: I think we're witnessing a conversion experience.

Mel: Another l*sbian success story.

Lindsay: Oh, there's Susan. I'd better thank her for the tickets.

[Lindsay takes Mel with her. Justin's alone, sauntering up to the violinist.]

Justin: I comes by to saying you're just great.

Ethan: The Ravel was passable but the Brahms was for sh*t.

Justin: I didn't noticed.

Ethan: Yeah, well, you should've; it was all your fault.

Justin: Me?

Ethan: Yes. Were you staring at me was very distracting.

Justin: I'm sorry.

Ethan: Although not necessarily in a bad way.

Justin: [laughs] Yeah, I'm Justin.

Ethan: Ethan.

[Justin holds up his program]

Justin: I know.

[Ethan sees Justin's drawings on the program]

Ethan: What's this?

Justin: Oh, it's nothing.

Ethan: Let me see - It's me in five variations.

Justin: It's a habit. You know, I can't stop myself.

Ethan: Well, it's a sign of a true artist. I play when I'm sleep. You go to school here, right?

Justin: Usual, right.

Ethan: Yeah, I thoughed I recognize you.

Justin: Some friends brough me here for my birthday.

[Lindsay and Mel goes by.]

Lindsay: Hello!

[Ethan gives Justin a CD of his own music.]

Ethan: Here. Happy birthday.

Justin: It's your own CD?

Ethan: Yeah, I made it myself.

Justin: Nice photo.

Ethan: Yeah, next time I use one of these. [he's looking at Justin's drawing.]

Man: Ethan!

Ethan: Hi. How you're doin'? Good to see you.

[Once Justin's finally away, Ethan turns to look for him.]

[Ted's condo. Ted and g*y Jesus are doing a little 69 action on some kind of red velvet bed.]

Luke: You're a wonderful lover, Ted. You're so nice, so sincere, so honest. I felt immediately that you're one that I can trust.

Ted: You remember when you ask me what I did and I said, I... I working computers.

Luke: Mmmh, and that you a service provider for a relieve organisation.

Ted: Well, that's not complete accurate. Although I can understand for... intentionally big issue about my job description that... you might assume and I do food and clothing to wore-town of the globe when in fact the service I provide... [long pause] it's a porn site. And the relief comes from... Well I'm

sure you can figure out the rest. I'll guess we're better get dressed.

Luke: No wait! Is that what you wanna to tell me?

Ted: Well I thoughed after what you've told me about yourself that...

Luke: No, no, I've even been on myself, a couple times.

Ted: You have? And you don't have lied?

Luke: No, no. Look, you're what matters.

[They kiss each other.]

[Brian's loft. Justin's playing Ethan's CD for Brian.]

Justin: He was incredible.

Brian: But don't classics, or we?

Justin: Yeah, and the guy who played the violin - I wish you could been there! He was... incredible.

Brian: Incredible, huh?

Justin: You know, it wouldn't hurt you to expose yourself to some culture.

Brian: I expose myself to a little culture. There was an oboe player in the bath. [Brian grabs Justin from behind and covers his eyes.] Are you up for another birthday treat?

Justin: No way! No f*cking way! I knew it! All that bullshit about not doin' birthdays. You're just going to surprise me. What is it?

[He leads Justin to the bedroom. Brian uncovers his eyes and Justin is crestfallen: the present is a naked man with a bow around his d*ck.]

Man: Happy Birthday.

Brian: Happy Birthday. You like your present?

[Justin walks over and pulls the red ribbon off the trick's rather tiny d*ck. He pulls Justin in by the ribbon.]

[Emmett answers the door to a gong noise. He is in full Geisha makeup, bowing and quietly.]

Emmett: Welcome, kind gentlemen. Please enter. I am your hostess for the evening. [Then he giggles into his fingers.]

Ted: Emmett, is this you?

Emmett: Yeah, honey. What do you think?

Ted: You put the g*y back in Geisha.

Michael: C'mon, hurry up! Get in. He can be here in any minute.

Ted: Michael, M.Butterfly, this is Luke.

Emmett: Hi, Luke. Right, we're saw us in the church.

Michael: It's nice to meet you.

Ted: Jesus, it looks like a dream I had after some bad noodles Japanese.

Emmett: OK, maybe I get a little be carry away. C'mon in, have some sucking corn duddles.

[Mel and Linds are coming up.]

Ted: Oh, Mel, Linds this is Luke.

Mel: Oh, so you're the famous Luke that Ted's been raving about.

Lindsay: Ted thinks you're pretty truth.

Mel: We think Ted's pretty terrfic, to.

Ted: Tell him more, tell him more! I can get some suckie.

[Michael opens the door. Uncle Vic shows up with Debbie.]

Michael: Uncle Vic!

Vic: I am in time, just like you said. I hope you don't mind. I broughed a long friend.

Michael: Ma, you came!

Debbie: Yeah, well my friend Rosie called and cancelled the last minute and I didn't has else to do.

Michael: I'm glad you're here and I'm sure Ben will be to.

Debbie: He's good to you, At least what I could do is some wish for a happy birthday and many more.
[Cut back to Mel and Lindsay.]

Mel: It's true - Ted's just been talking about you.

Lindsay: I don't think I've heard anyone use as times in one sentence, the nicest, the cutest.

Mel: He thinks you were a very special.

Lindsay: You gotta be considering what he does.

Mel: The d*ck channel. All d*ck all the time.

Emmett: Well, this is about the most interesting discussion in the room.

Lindsay: We're just saying how great it is that Luke is so convened about Ted's porn site. Not everyone would be.

Luke: Why someone's passion about what he does.

Emmett: He's passionate, all right. Eats, sleeps, drinks 24/7. Porn, porn, porn.

Ted: Sucky?

Luke: No thanks. I don't drink.

Ted: See? The kindest, the sweetest, the cutest...

Mel: What I tell you?

Ted: I think it's me who's the luckiest guy in the world.

[Michael at the front door.]

Michael: There is somebody's coming up the stairs. It's him! Everybody hide!

[Everybody hides in the dark. One guy prances across the door just as the noise settles. The door opens. Everyone shouts "Surprise!" as Emmett hits a gong. It's Brian and Justin.]

Michael: It's 7:20! You show up fashionate late for a surprise party!

Brian: Well, we were busy having our own little celebration.

Mel: You have a celebration?

Lindsay: Brian keep you after all.

Justin: Yeah, he call me a hustler.

Mel: What?!

Lindsay: Are you serious?

Michael: [coming from the front door] He's coming! This time it's really him. Everybody hide!

[Everyone hushes and the same guy prances across the room just as the room quiets down. Ben opens the door. Everyone shouts "Surprise!" Michael runs up and kisses Ben.]

Michael: We really surprised him! We really surprised you! Happy birthday.

Ben: What the f*ck it's goin' on?

Michael: What do you mean? It's your birthday and I called all your friends.

Ben: How do you know all my friends?

Michael: Well, I borrow this. [He returns the stolen Palm Pilot.]

Ben: OK, you've got this all the time?

Michael: I'm only called Brett.

Ben: You had no right, Michael.

Michael: Well, I'm sorry. It's... [whispers] What the hell it the matter with you?

Ben: I told you I didn't want a party. I don't wanna celebrate my g*dd*mn birthday!

Brian: Finally the man with the right attitude.

Michael: [whispers] But Ben all you friends...

Ben: How do you know my friends?

[Ben looks right at Paul.]

Ben: I want my friends out of me, now! Do you understand?

[He storms off to his bedroom. Michael's friends quietly start to trail off.]

Debbie: And this is the guy who's good for my son.

[Michael and Brian are going through the dark city park.]

Michael: After all I went and doin' something special and suprprise him to make him happy, how can he humiliate me in front of everyone like that?!

Brian: Hey, could you slow down?

Michael: And here I am thinking he is so wise and so together, you know, that he's so higher spiritual plain to us poor damn muruals but what he has me for? Cause I'm f*cking stupid!

Brian: Hey, are you finished?

Michael: Why? You are in hurry to pick someone up?

Brian: No, I'm just tired of your playing your variations of poor, little Michael.

Michael: Oh, I'm so sorry I bore you!

Brian: Well then try a little psalm.

Michael: What did I do? Because I throw him a g*dd*mn party?

Brian: Never mind. Forget it. Go to Woody's, get drunk, throw up, passed out. You feel much better on it...

Michael: No! Tell me!

Brian: You want too much. You expect too much and then when your hero disappoints you, your heart gets crushed.

Michael: So, what's the alternative? To expect nothing, to want nothing, like you?

[Ted's porn website's office.]

Ted: [in the headset] Oh, Jack and Jill around from Dusseldorf is in our line. He want see some double head dildo acting. Danke. [Then he see Luke] Hey, what a surprise! [he kisses him] Better than nice.

Luke: Did I come the bad time?

Ted: Around here? No such thing. Hey, let me give you the VIP tour. So, this is my little kingdom. Over here you see the boys doin' there little thing with their big things. Oh, easy guys. You got 15 more to go. Pace yourself. [to Luke] God, you're just the cutest. Well, if my members get one look of you. Don't worry, nobody gets you but me. What?

Luke: I, uh, I came to tell you I think we're moving too fast.

Ted: Too fast?

Luke: In fact, I don't think we should see each other for a while.

Ted: You're kiddin', right? Why?

[He says nothing. We can hear the moaning of the guys]

Ted: It's because of this, isn't it?

Luke: I thoughed it wouldn't mean anything. I tried not to let it. I even told myself, it's just a job like any other job. You're providing a service.

Ted: That's all it is!

Luke: That's not all it is!

[He starts to leave.]

Ted: No, Luke, please...

Luke: Don't make this more difficult.

Ted: I will it to do whatever it takes, anything. You name it. I'll give it up.

Luke: No, you should give up doin' what you love. Besides, it's not your problem. It's mine.

Ted: Right, then we make it together.

Luke: I'm sorry, Ted. [he kiss him on his cheek. Ted cries in his giant, poorly lit pornucopia.]

Ted: Easy, guys. Pace yourselves. Pace yourselves.

[Brian's helping Lindsay and Melanie load their car at a Home Depot. It's raining.]

Brian: [to Linds] So, how does it feel to be Leda's gophers?

Mel: She's doin' us a favor.

Lindsay: We had to volunteer.

Brian: Well, next time do us a favor and me - hire a professional.

Mel: Yeah, you know about that.

Lindsay: sh*t, I left my credit card.

Mel: You sure?

[Lindsay runs inside to get her credit card. Mel and Brian continue loading the trunk.]

Mel: So, I hear you finally broke down and got Justin something for his birthday. A hustler!

Brian: Yeah. He really got off on it.

Mel: Just what he needs - to get laid.

Brian: I didn't hear him complaining.

Mel: Of course not. He wouldn't dare.

Brian: Then why are you?

Mel: Because, I'm not in love with you.

Brian: Finally, someone who isn't.

Mel: Might if you given him something more thoughtful?

Brian: Would you save the Jewish mother guilt stuff for my son?

Mel: Oh, f*ck off, Brian. I just trying to let you know what he wants.

Brian: And what does he want, mama?

Mel: Something romantic.

Brian: Jesus Christ, what do you think we are? A couple of d*kes?

Mel: You should be so lucky.

Brian: Maybe I've should send him a dozen roses.

Mel: Why not?

Brian: Because he's not my wife. We're not married. We're not straight.

Mel: Couldn't you've been here your holier-than-thou, I'm g*y and if you don't like it you can suck my d*ck principles just ones? Let him know you care.

Brian: I thoughed he did.

[Lindsay comes back.]

Lindsay: Got it!

[Lindsay runs back with her credit card, just in time. We have to watch Melanie push the cart across the parking lot. Then they all walk back to the car to drive off.]

[Art school. One person in the entire school plays the violin, and that's Ethan. He play as loudly as he'd like in a rehearsal room while the other three students in the school lean against walls. Justin follows the sound of Ethan and walks into the rehearsal room. He watches Ethan play. Ethan stops playing when he sees Justin.]

Ethan: I thoughed you were the maintenance guy. There's no heat.

Justin: Sorry.

Ethan: It's okay. Maybe things'll warm up now that you're here.

Justin: [laughs] I was, uh, I just cut the music building and I've heard someone playin'. I thoughed it might be you. Sorry, if I had to pop in.

Ethan: Well, now you found me. You want some tea?

Justin: No.

Ethan: You have no idea how diffucult it is to play Paganinis' open 17 in D-Major when ice forming on your bow.

Justin: I wanna say thank you for the CD.

Ethan: You listen to it?

Justin: Six times. You're incredible.

Ethan: I know. How was your birthday? Did you have a big party?

Justin: Uh, not really. My boyfriend doesn't think being born is a reason to celebrate.

Ethan: Oh, that sucks.

Justin: I doesn't really want it, anyway.

Ethan: No, I mean that you have a boyfriend.

Justin: Oh.

Ethan: Cause if I were your boyfriend, I give you a birthday you've never forget.

Justin: Like what?

Ethan: Like, first...I'd bring you breakfast in bed. And then I'd play for you. One of Nibelles noble essentimels, because that's how I picture you. Noble and innocently. And then we'd make love a couple hundred times.

Justin: All that before lunch?

Ethan: Yes. But I'm not your boyfriend.

Justin: I had go back to class.

[The metronome kicks in Ethan begins playing his violin.]

[There's a knock at Michael's set door. Ben's at the door. Michael just walks away, and Ben has to let himself in. He shuts the door.]

Ben: I've missed you the past few nights.

Michael: Yeah, I thoughed it might be best if we're slept alone. In fact I think I ever sleep alone from now on.

Ben: Michael, please, I know I got a little upset at the party...

Michael: A little upset? You were a f*cking monster! You humiliating me, you humiliating yourself...

Ben: I know that too.

Michael: And after all that trouble I went through at you.

Ben: I know, I know.

Michael: Well, I won't be doin' that again! I mean, not that it matters because I don't think we're spending more birthdays...

Ben: My T-cells went down.

Michael: What?

Ben: From my viral load is back up.

Michael: How up?

Ben: 125,000. I know it before I came home by the doctors getting the results. The c*ck's not working, the virus has become resistant.

Michael: Well, keep they change the drugs?

Ben: They already have.

[Ben lights a cigarette.]

Michael: Since when do you smoke?

Ben: Since I'm nervous, Michael. You self look at me like that? Please, I am not perfect, you know?

Michael: Yeah, I'm beginning to find that out.

Ben: God knows I have tried, these religion, meditation, Yoga. You name it, I've been practise that open your achieve to stay in harmony. And then that happens and that's the only goal I have achieved that convince myself all that was bullshit.

Michael: It's not bullshit.

Ben: I've heard you, Michael. I heard the one person who means more than me than anyone else in the world and there is no excuse for it. You know, there is no excuse at all.

Michael: Sure there is. You're human.

[Michael wipes Ben's face, and we fade to white.]

[Justin's looking at his quickly abandoned sketches. He finds Ethan's CD at the bottom of the stack. Justin sits as the spinny-cam does its magic. He places the CD in the player and listens as he sits in the spinny-stool. Justin spins around the room, dancing to Ethan's music. Just quietly listening and spinning. Cut to Brian. He thinks about buying some roses.]

Vendor: Those are nice. Can I wrap them for you?

Brian: No, thanks.

[Brian walks into the wet streets.]

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